

THE YODELING COWBOY

Wilf Carter's

NO
1

BROADCASTING OVER
COLUMBIA NETWORK AS
MONTANA SLIM

VICTOR
BLUEBIRD
RECORDS

**COWBOY
SONGS**

with
YODELS

arranged for
**VIOLIN
PIANO
& GUITAR**

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50 CENTS

THE STORY OF MONTANA SLIM

(WILF CARTER)

Wilf Carter Speaking:

Hello Friends! In answer to thousands of requests for a book of my songs I dedicate to all my friends a few of my own cowboy and hill-billy songs now published in my first book.

I guess that yodellin's more in my line than speakin' or writin', but since my publisher has put a lot of dough into printin' my songs, and though I'm backward in coming forward, I'll be a sport and do what he asks.

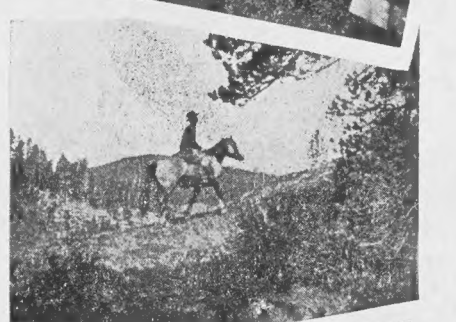
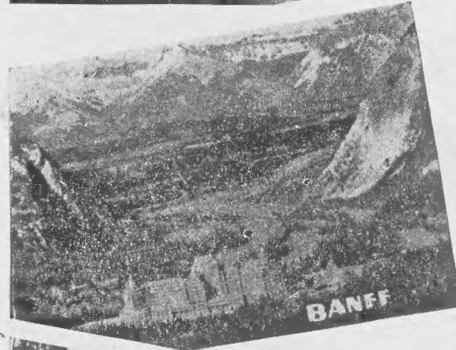
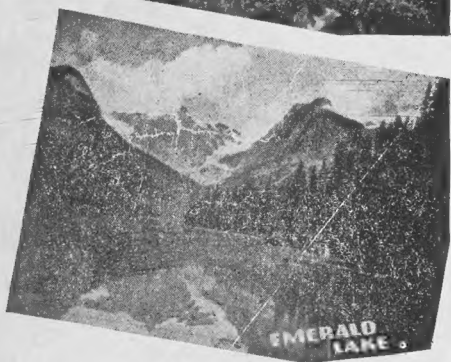
Ever heard of Guysborough? Well, that's where I was foaled down East in Nova Scotia—kind of quiet place as there ain't no railway within the throw of a lasso. It was the Chatauqua that started me singin' and yodellin'—there was a yodeller on the bill—and they say when I got home I yodelled upstairs and downstairs and in the parlor and in the apple orchard and in the lane—Dad

(Over)

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GORDON V. THOMPSON, LIMITED

193 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Printed in U. S. A.



couldn't stop me though he wore out more'n a dozen slippers on the seat of my pants.

Then I got a hunch I was bound to go where the yodeller came from and work on a ranch out West, so soon they saw me headin' for Calgary which is a surefire cowtown still for all of its streetcars and grain elevators and breweries. I don't reckon I lay any claims to bein' a high falutin' cowhand—just a knockabout edition—but they know me at the Calgary Stampede as a chuckwagon rider and ear-downer in the wild horse race—where your teeth have to be good to chew their ears, while your pardner throws the saddle and climbs aboard. And do the wild cows love me? All I need do is yodel while milkin' and I'm in the money.

Well, my yodellin' seemed to improve—some say it was because a ten-gallon hat makes a good soundin' board—anyways I invented a three-in-one yodel—the kind of chorus-solo you hear in the "Swiss Moonlight Lullaby." At the Calgary Stampede they came to call me the Yodellin' Cowboy. It was then that the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies invited me to yodel them through the passes and over the fords and up among the snow peaks and at the campfire, keepin' it up day and night and then some. So I took a whack at Trail Ridin' and it's some sport, believe me, particularly when there's trout in the lakes—I'm a sure-fire fisherman and the flies are on the trout, not on me. So they made me official Songster—the Trail Riders, not the trout—and from

(Turn to inside back cover)

COWBOY SONGS

BY

Wily Carter

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Complete with Guitar Accompaniments

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My Little Gray-haired Mother in the West

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

WILF CARTER

Moderato



There's an old - fashioned cot-tage, a - way out in the West, That

Guitar chord diagrams for the first line: Bb (first measure), Eb (second measure), Cm (third measure), and Cm7 (fourth measure).

brings back sweet mem - o - ries to me And be -

Guitar chord diagrams for the second line: F (first measure), Cm7 (second measure), F7 (third measure), F9 (fourth measure), Fdim.9 (fifth measure), Bb (sixth measure), Fdim. (seventh measure), F7 (eighth measure), Bb (ninth measure), and F7 (tenth measure).

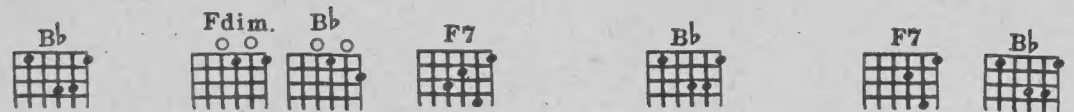
fore me is the pic - ture of the one I love the best, My

Guitar chord diagrams for the third line: Bb (first measure), F7 (second measure), Bb7 (third measure), Eb7 (fourth measure), and C7 (fifth measure).

lit - tle gray - haired moth - er in the West.

2. So of - ten in my child - hood down the long trails I would
 3. One day I said to moth - er dear, "I'm goin' to leave my
 4. We both stood in the door - way — next morn - ing just at
 5. For years I rode the rang - es — the hap - py cow - boy
 6. Next day I gets a let - ter from my darl - ing moth - er

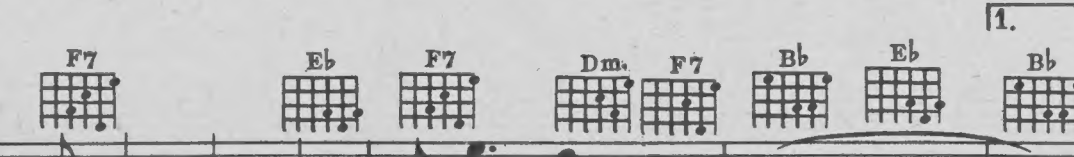
roam, To watch the cat - tle graz - ing, And to
 home, I'm goin' to be a cow - boy, For with
 dawn, "Be sure to write your moth - er, I'll be
 life, We used to sing our songs, — — We
 dear, Oh, please come home and see me, — My



hear the cow - boys sing; One cow - boy sang a - bout his
 them I love to roam; — Just to learn to sing the
 lone - ly when you've gone? — Then she clasp'd her arms a -
 sat a - bout at night. — 'Hark! there came from the
 time is draw - ing near; — Oh! come home, come home my



moth - er, — the one I love the best, My
 cow - boy songs, the one's I love the best, My
 round me, these few words I'll ne'er for - get, "You've a
 dark - ness, — the song I love the best, My
 cow - boy to the one who loves you best, Your



1. 2. Bb
 D.S. Last verse

lit - tle gray-haired moth - er in the West. _____
 lit - tle gray-haired moth - er in the West." _____
 lit - tle gray-haired moth - er in the West." _____
 lit - tle gray-haired moth - er in the West. _____
 lit - tle gray-haired moth - er in the West. _____

D.S.

Dear Old Daddy Of Mine

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

By WILF CARTER

Valse Moderato


Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Valse Moderato'. The introduction concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

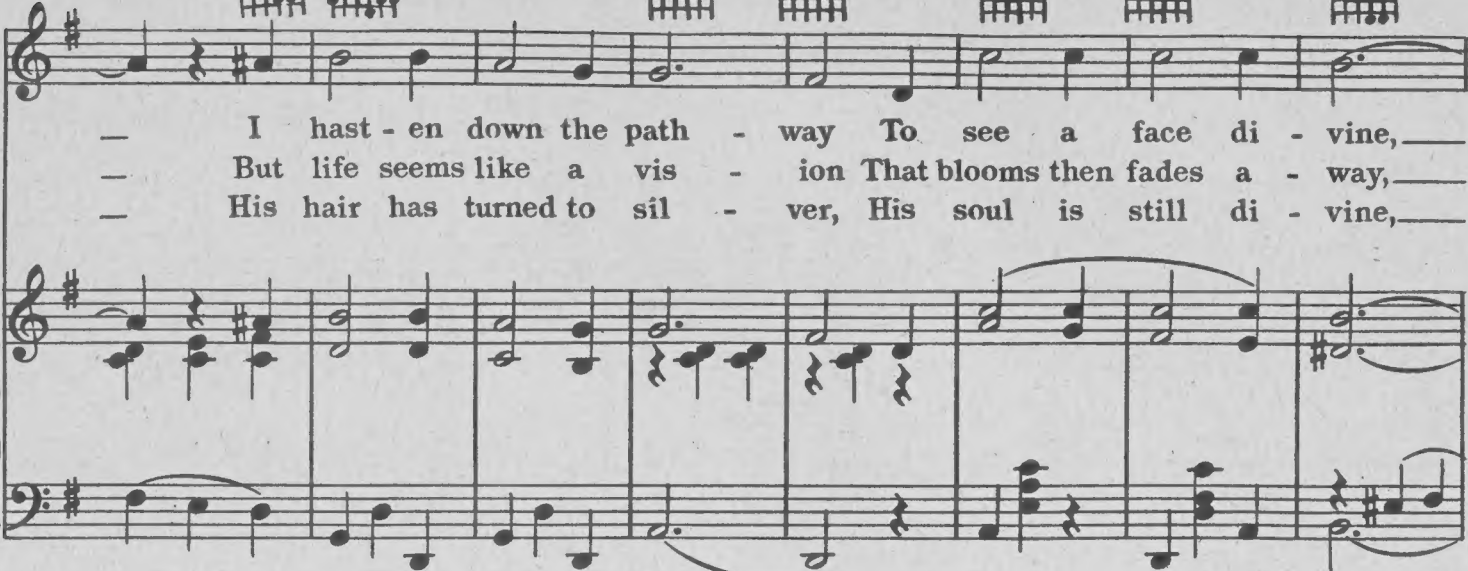
Vocal melody and guitar accompaniment for the first verse. The guitar part includes diagrams for G, Am7, D7, and G chords. The lyrics are: Shad - ows slow - ly fall - ing A - mong the whis - p'ring pines, —
Seat - ed by the fire - side The hours — swift - ly fly, —
Grey dawn breaks be - fore me, The sun be - gins to shine, —

Piano accompaniment for the first verse, marked *p* (piano). The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

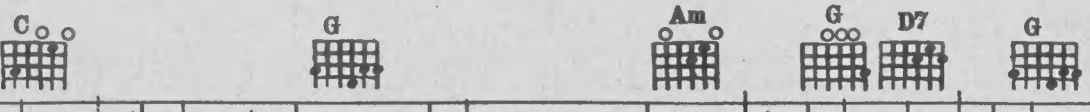
Vocal melody and guitar accompaniment for the second verse. The guitar part includes diagrams for C, G, A7, F#m, A7, and D7 chords. The lyrics are: But a light is burn - ing In that co - zy shack of mine. —
Watch - ing glow - ing em - bers As they slow - ly fade and die. —
There to bid me wel - come Is that dear old Dad - dy mine. —

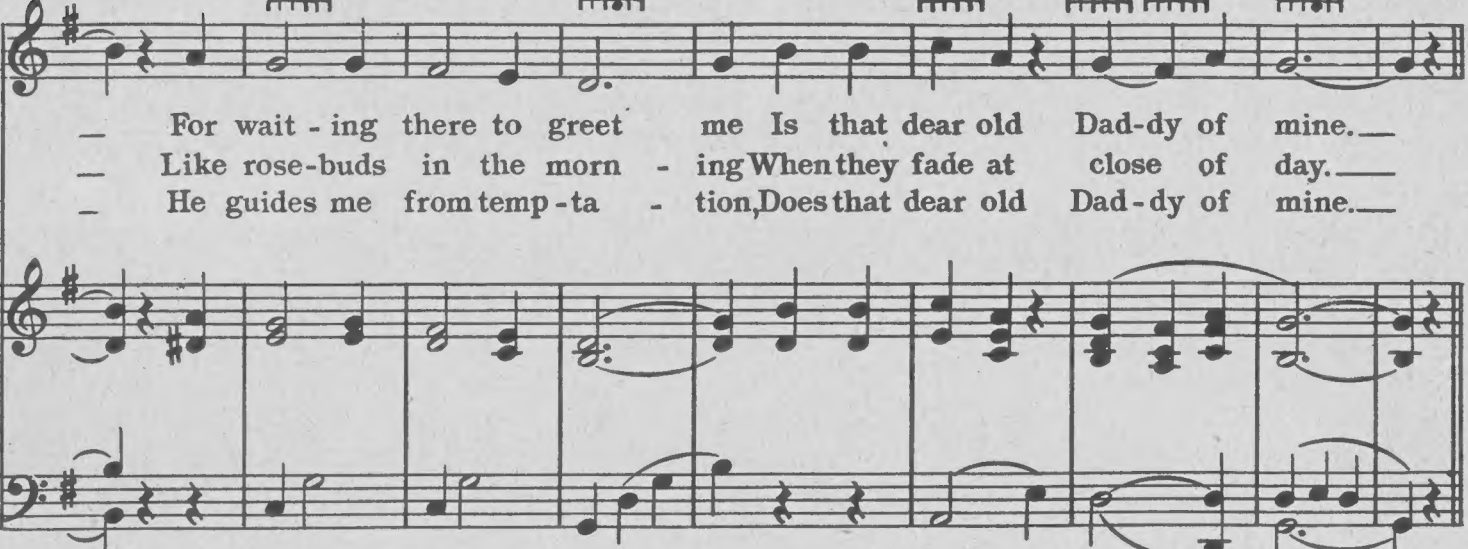
Piano accompaniment for the second verse. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.





— I hast - en down the path - way To see a face di - vine, —
 — But life seems like a vis - ion That blooms then fades a - way, —
 — His hair has turned to sil - ver, His soul is still di - vine, —





— For wait - ing there to greet me Is that dear old Dad-dy of mine. —
 — Like rose-buds in the morn - ing When they fade at close of day. —
 — He guides me from temp - ta - tion, Does that dear old Dad-dy of mine. —

CHORUS 



O Dad - dy, dear old Dad - dy! You've been a real pal to

me, _____ Guid-ing my fal - t'ring foot - steps Wher - ev - er

I may be. _____ When the roll is called up yon - der,

Though we've been part-ed a time _____ I know we'll meet in heav -

en, O dear old Dad-dy of mine. _____ Oh mine. _____

rit.

I'M GONNA RIDE TO HEAVEN ON A STREAMLINE TRAIN

1. Well everything's a'changin' as the days go rollin' by
I believe I'm gettin' old, I believe I soon will die;
Always ridin' box cars, forever on the roam,
Where'er I hang my hat to me is home sweet home.
2. Now I b'in kind'a watchin' all the new designs,
Trains that look like bullets suit me mighty fine,
I'm gonna crawl aboard her when she heads out for fame,
I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train.
3. I met a guy named Jolson whose goin' to ride a mule,
And all the folks that know him, he's regular singin' fool;
Well I ain't takin' chances, I've everything to gain,
I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train.
4. There'll be no cops to bother, there'll be no fires to stoke,
If you don't like my shootin', you don't have to smell my smoke;
'Cos I'm asittin' pretty boys, I'm on my trail to fame,
I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train.

Chorus:

O I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train,
I'm gonna crawl aboard her whether sunshine or rain.
Four and three are seven, six and five's eleven,
I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train.

5. I bet when old St. Peter agazes up the trail,
He'll pull his long white whiskers and start agrowin' pale,
He'll brush the cobwebs from his eyes and wonder if he's sane,
When he sees me acomin' on a streamline train.
6. He'll grant me fair admittance, I'll take his shaky hand,
He says I think you'll like it boy, the weather here is grand,
I'll ask him "How's the bummin'?" says he "You can't complain",
I'm glad I rode to Heaven on a streamline train.
7. We started on through Heaven, O what a gorgeous place,
And not a soul aworkin', no need to wash me face.
'Twas then I spied the Devil astandin' by the gate,
Awaitin' for some victim who would surely meet his fate.
8. He kinda looks me over, a scowl came o'er his face,
By cracky I've no room for the sinner in my place,
'Twill make me lose my business they'll bind me up in chains
When people ride to Heaven as a streamline train.
9. I hears a fellow yodellin' way down there below,
Says he "That's where the crooners and all the yodellers go";
I said I felt contented and didn't care for fame,
Although I rode to Heaven on a streamline train.

Chorus:

O I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train,
I'm gonna crawl aboard her whether sunshine or rain,
Four and three are seven, six and five's eleven,
I'm gonna ride to Heaven on a streamline train.

Wilf Carter.

I'm Gonna Ride to Heaven On A Streamline Train

11

(With diagrams for Guitar Accompaniment)

WILF CARTER

Allegro moderato

1. Well ev - ry-things a chang-in', As the days go roll - in'
9. I hears a fel - low yodell-in', A - way downthere be -

by, — I be - lieve I'm get-tin' old, I be - lieve I soon will die, —
low, Says he thats where the yod-el - lers, And all the croon-ers go, I

Al-ways rid-in' box-cars, For - e - ver on the roam, Where - e'er I hang my
said I felt con-tent - ed, And did-n't care for fame, Al - tho' I rode to

Guitar diagrams: G, D7, Am, Bm, G, G7, C, G, A7




1. *D.S.* *After verses 4 and 9*
 hat to me is home sweet home. 2. Now train. O I'm gon-na ride to
 hea-ven on a stream-line train. *D.S.*
 hea-ven on a stream-line train. *Adim* I'm gon-na crawl a-board her, wheth-er
 sun-shine or rain. Four and three are sev-en, six and five's e-
 lev-en; I'm gon-na ride to hea-ven on a stream-line train.




Musical score for "I'm Gonna Ride etc-3". The score is written for guitar and voice. The guitar part includes various chords and techniques such as *dim* (diminuendo) and *poco* (a little). The vocal part consists of a melody with lyrics.

Guitar Chords and Techniques:

- Top system: G^{oo}, B^b *dim*, G^{oo}, A *dim*, G^{oo}, D, G^{oo}.
- Second system: A^m, E⁷, D⁷, G^{oo}, A^m, G^{oo}, C^{oo}.
- Third system: C^m, G^{oo}, G^{oo}, E^b7.
- Fourth system: D⁷, G^{oo}, D⁷, G^{oo}.

Vocal Lyrics:

- O lay ee de ay de lay ee de o. O
- lay ee de ay de lay ee de o. O ay lee, ay lee, ay lee, ay lee
- ay lee ay lee ay lee o lee ay lee ay lee ay lee ay lee ay lee ay lee ay lee o lee
- ay lee ay lee ay lee ay lee o lee o lee ay lee ay lee o lee.

Performance Markings:

- dim* (diminuendo) above the first B^b chord.
- p* (piano) above the C^{oo} chord.
- poco* (a little) above the final measure of the piano part.

My Little Old Log Shack I Can Call My Home

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

WILF CARTER

Moderato

§ Verse 1 and 3 only

mf

p

G_{oo}

1. There's a spot out on the prai - rie, Where the
 2. shack my on - ly for - tune, Yet I'm
 3. Years a - go I had a sweet-heart, The—
 4. night we goes a rid - ing, Out—
 5. hav - n't got no e - lec - tric lights, You'll—
 6. nev - er hurt my feel - ings —

C_o **G_{oo}** **E_m**

coy - otes love to roam, Round a lit - tle old log shack I can
 hap - py as you are, While I sing and yo - del — and
 real joy of my life, One night I ask the best I could if
 to our home to be, She said she's nev - er hap - py — un -
 have to live a - lone, Is this the lit - tle old log shack you
 When you left my home, For I'm a hap - py cow - boy — out

A7 D7 G^{oo}

al - ways call my home, I love to sit and
 strum my old gui - tar, The mea - dow lark's a -
 she would be my wife, We'd have the sweet - est
 less a - lone with me, But when she saw my
 al - ways call your home? I've nev - er seen her
 where the do - gies roam, At night I sit and

G7 C^{oo} G^{oo}

lis - ten, while they howl at the yel - low moon, A -
 sing - in', out — where the cat - tle roam, A -
 honey-moon, where — we could be a - lone,
 Para - dise, she — seemed to take af - fright; And
 since that night she gave me back the ring, When she
 lis - ten to the coy - ote's min - gled tones, A -

Em^{ooo} Am^o G^{oo} D7 G^{oo}

round my lit - tle old log shack I can al - ways call my home. 2. My —
 round the lit - tle old log shack I can al - ways call my (To 1st Yodel)
 In that lit - tle old log shack I can al - ways call my home. 4. Next —
 all at once she gave a scream, "I can nev - er be your wife. 5. You —
 left I threw the thing a - way and start - ed in to sing. 6. You have
 round the lit - tle old log shack I can al ways call my (To Last Yodel)

After verse 2

home. As the coy-otes go howl-ing, their lone-some lul - la - by - As they wan-der a -

round my lit - tle home, _____ Oh! the moon's a-shin-ing bright, On my

lit-tle old shack to - night, On my lit-tle old log shack I call my home. _____

After last verse

home. O dee lay ee o lee ay, o dee lay ee o lee ay, O dee lay ee, dee

D.S. % for verse 3

D.S. %

D7 G G7 C Cm
 o lee ay lee, o ——— O dee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee,

C G dim D7 G G dim D7
 o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, ay lee, ay lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, ay lee

G G7 C Cm
 o - lee ——— O o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, o lee, ay lee, ay lee,

G G dim D7 Bm D7 G
 o lee, o lee, o lee, ay lee, o Dee, lay ee, lay ee, lay ee, lay ee, lay ee. —

I've Got Those Cowboy Blues

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with a piano accompaniment section and a vocal section. The piano accompaniment includes guitar chord diagrams for various chords: F, Bb, F, C7, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F, Dm, F, G7, C7, F, Bb, Gm6, F, C7, B7, C7, F, and F7.

In a lit - tle old Al - ber - ta town, One day I chanced to stray — It's
what we call a one-horse town, In the time of cow-boy days. —
Seat - ed in an old arm-chair, Sat a man of mid - dle age — In his

Bb Bbm F G dim Dm Dm7 G7 C7 F Bbm F 19

hand he held a mag - a - zine, A pic - ture held his gaze. _____

Bb Bbm F C7

The pic - ture was one of the round-up, _____ With cow-boys and
I took _____ a seat _____ be - side him, _____ These words _____ I

F F7 Bb

do - gies at rest _____ On a knoll sat a lone - ly night
heard _____ him say _____ O _____ give _____ me back _____ my

F G7 C7 F Bb F

herd - er _____ As the sun _____ sank in the West. _____
home on the range, Where I grew from my boy - hood days. _____

F C7^o F B^b F



O de lay ee, de lee dee dee, — O lay ee de lee dee dee, — O

F7 C dim Gm F C7^o F




lay ee de lee dee dee, O lay ee, de lee dee dee. —

B^b Bbm F C7^o F



On the range we all were hap-py — Where all our pals are true —

F7 B^b F Dm G7 C7^o F Bbm F



— Oh, how I miss those by-gone days, I've got those cow-boy blues. —

B \flat B \flat m6 F C7 \circ

At night we'd roll in our blan-kets, — And look at the stars in the
 They've tak-en a - way — our range-land, — No — more do-gies dot — the
 He still gazed at — the pic - ture, — He — shook — his head — and
 Where birds are al - ways sing - ing, — As they flit thro'the morn - ing
 Those days have gone — for - ev - er, — The — on - ly days that I

F F7 B \flat B \flat m F G7

sky, — The song of the night herd-ing cow-boy, — The lone - some coy -
 plain, — Where once — they roamed — in thous-ands, — The fields are now
 sighed, — My wish was to die on the prai-rie, — Where pale — blue
 dew, — Thro' part - ing clouds — comes sun - shine, — With skies — of
 knew, — My life - long dreams have fad - ed, — I've got — those

C7 \circ F B \flat B \flat m F F After last verse only C7 \circ F

o - te's cry. — O de lay ee de o, dee lay — de o lay ee. —
 covered with grain. —
 vi - o - lets hide. —
 hea-ven-ly blue. —
 cow - boy blues. —

The Round-up In The Fall

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

WILF CARTER

Lively and with no break

1. I'm rid - in' the rang - es since ear - ly in
 2. We swing to the sad dle in the first streak of
 3. — Then — we start — a - long the great
 4. — Late in the ev' - ning we head for the

sum - mer — Herd - in' them do - gies by night and by day,
 day - light, The do - gies are head - in' out in a long line,
 round - up, For weeks — and weeks — a rid - in' we go,
 camp - fires — Round the chuck wa - gon we all sit a - bout,

Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, swing a - long in the
 Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, swing on, you young
 Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, git a - long, lit - tle
 — Soon in the door - way comes a voice so fa -

G Em7 Am Em Am G D7 G

sad - dle, Swing a - long in the sad - dle, swing a - long all day.
 cow - boys, The old chuck wa - gon will roll up be - hind.
 do - gies, Back to the cor - ral — be - fore there is snow.
 mil - iar, There stands the old fat cook and how he can shout.

G G D7 G

5. Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, come on all you young wad - dies, The beans are a -

Em A7 D7 G

steam-in', the pork's in the tub Yip - ee, Ki - yi - o, a -

way we all ram-ble, For to wran-gle them do-gies and wran-gle your grub.

Yip - ee, Ki - yi - o, dee-dle lay ee dee o, lee-dle o dee o, lee-dle

o - dee hee. Yip o - dee hee.

6. The round-up is o - ver and work is all fin - ished, we're go - ing to
 7. With a swing to the left and one to the right spurs a -
 8. They ask us to give them the song of the round-up, while we sing the

town to night's the big ball
jing-ling, oh what a gay sight
maid-ens are filled with de - light

Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, a - way we go
Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, Swing on, you young
Hip - ee Ki - yi - o, Swing on, you young

rid-in', When we hit that old town just watch the girls fall.
la-dies, We cow-boys are raid-in' the old town to - night.
la-dies, We cow-boys are leav-in' the old town to - night.

Yodel after last verse

Ki - yip - py - i, dee lay ee dee o, dee lay ee dee

1. o, dee lay ee dee hee. 2. o, dee hee.

Sway-back Pinto Pete

1. I was workin' on the ranches way down in the Texas state,
You breakfast mighty early an' you supper mighty late,
As I came from the saddle-peg, I heard a cowboy say,
"I've got a big surprise for you, just take a look this way."
2. "Twas the rancher's pretty daughter and, what I mean, she was fine,
I bet my money then and there this pretty girl was mine,
We cowboys got to talkin' just which one would win her heart,
But I was mighty backward when it came to make the start.
3. The rancher heard us talkin' all about his lady grand,
He brings her down to meet us and we gladly shakes her hand;
She kind of looks me over, I was feelin' mighty shy,
Her eyes they shore was pretty, like the deep blue in the sky.
4. She said she soon must leave us, she could only stay a week,
She'd like to see a-one of us to ride old Pinto Pete;
She looked at me a-smilin' and I knew I'd won her heart,
Say's I, "I'll ride old Pinto Pete, but you and I won't part."
5. Now that old sway back Pinto Pete, he shore was hard to ride,
I never seen a cowboy yet that ever spurred his hide,
But since I done my braggin', I will ride his hide or bust,
I'd often tried to ride him but I always hit the dust.
6. I rolled in mighty early just to take my fate at will,
And dream of sway-back Pinto Pete, that roamed out on the hill,
I seen that blue-eyed Texas girl when I rolled off to sleep,
A-watchin' me a-ridin' of old sway-back Pinto Pete.
7. We finnally runs him in, and I tosses out my rope,
The way that maverick bucked about, He shorely got my goat;
And then there came the saddle and I crawled into my seat,
I grabbed my halter shank, and away went Pinto Pete.
8. We bucked around in circles 'til my brain was in a whirl,
I had my heart a-centered on that blue-eyed Texas girl;
Twas then I lost my stirrup and that dog-gone halter shank,
I knew I soon must leave it, 'cause my mind was goin' blank.
9. The last thing I remember just before I hit the dust,
Was scratchin' for the leather, "I will ride that hide or bust!"
When finally I come to and all my blankets they were torn,
Both hands around the bed-post thinkin' it's a saddle-horn.
10. And standin' in the circle, takin' in my merry spree,
That blue-eyed Texas Daisy just a-smilin' down at me;
Said she, "You rode old Pinto Pete, will you take me for your bride?"
Says I, "I'll take you, darling, dear, but darn old Pinto's hide!"

Sway-back Pinto Pete

27

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words & Music by
WILF CARTER

Lively and with steady pace

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The score is divided into four systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'I'm work - in' on the'. The third system continues the melody with 'ranch - es way down in the Tex - as state, You'. The fourth system concludes the melody with 'break - fast might - y ear - ly and you sup - per might - y'. Chord diagrams are provided for the guitar accompaniment at various points: G+ and C in the second system, G in the third system, and Em and A7 in the fourth system. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes, providing a steady rhythmic foundation.

I'm work - in' on the

ranch - es way down in the Tex - as state, You

break - fast might - y ear - ly and you sup - per might - y

late; As I come from the sad - dle peg, I

heard a cow - boy say, "I've got a big sur -

prise for you, just take a look this way," 'Twas the

ranch - er's pret - ty daught - er, and, what I mean she was

G C G

fine, I bet my mon - ey then and there, this

A7 D7 G

pret - ty girl was mine; We cow - boys got to

G+ C G

talk - in' just which one would win her heart, But

Em A7 D7 G

I was might - y back - ward when it came to make the start. *D.S. 3*

A COWBOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS PONY

A COWBOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS PONY
 YES SIR, I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU
 ONE DAY I WAS LOST IN A BLIZZARD,
 MY PINTO WAS FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

-2-

WE WERE OUT RIDING AFTER SOME DOGIES,
 MANY A MILE WE HAD GONE:
 AND WE KNEW BY SUN-UP THAT MORNIN'
 THAT WE WERE SURE IN FOR A STORM.

-3-

WE HAD A BUNCH STRINGING HOMEWARD,
 MY PINTO WAS TIRED, SO WAS I:
 I WAS THINKING OF SUPPER AND BLANKETS,
 WHEN SOMETHING WENT WRONG IN THE SKY.

-4-

OUT OF THE NORTH, WIND CAME HOWLING,
 THE SNOW WAS LIKE SAND ON YOUR FACE:
 THE WIND LIKE A KNIFE THAT CUT DEEPER,
 MY HAT TOOK A TRIP INTO SPACE.

-5-

THE DOGIES WENT ON WITH THE SNOW-STORM
 LOST IN THE DUST AND THE SNOW:
 WE KNEW THEY WOULD DRIFT WITH THE BLIZZARD,
 AND SAYS I 'LITTLE PINTO LET'S GO.'

-6-

WE HEADED OUT FOR THE RANCH-HOUSE,
 PLUM MISERABLE, HUNGRY AND COLD:
 PINTO KNEW I WAS WRONG IN DIRECTION
 NOT ANOTHER MEAN FOOT WOULD HE GO.

-7-

I CALLED HIM A MEAN LITTLE BRONCHO,
 I CURSED HIM AND CALLED HIM A FOOL:
 TO MY ANSWER HE LIT INTO PITCHING ---
 RIGHT THEN HE'D DECIDED TO RULE.

-8-

OH! HOW THE WIND HOWLED AROUND US,
 DARK AND WICKED THAT NIGHT:
 I GAVE HIM HIS HEAD FOR TO GUIDE ME,
 SOON I SPIED A DIM YELLOW LIGHT.

-9-

I'LL HAND IT TO MY LITTLE PINTO,
 HE SAVED ME FROM FREEZING THAT DAY:
 OH, THERE'S NO FRIEND LIKE A PONY,
 TO A COWBOY THAT'S LOST ON HIS WAY.

-10-

A COWBOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS PONY,
 A REAL PAL BY NIGHT OR BY DAY:
 AND WITH YOU THEY'LL SHARE ALL THE HARDSHIPS,
 THAT OFTEN WILL COME O'ER THE WAY.

-11-

WHEN WE RIDE ON THE RANGES IN HEAVEN,
 IN THE ROUNDUP ON THAT JUDGEMENT DAY,
 UP THERE WE MUST PROVE TRUE AND FAITHFUL
 WHEN SENT OUT TO GATHER THE STRAYS.

A Cowboy's Best Friend Is His Pony

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

By WILF CARTER

1. A Cow-boy's best friend is his po-ny — Yes, sir I can prove it to
2. out rid - ing aft - er some do gies — Man - y a — mile we had
11. ride on the ran - ges in hea - ven — In the round up on - that judg - ment

you — One day I was lost in a bliz - zard, — My
 gone — And we knew by sun - up that morn - in' — That
 day — Up there we must prove true and faith - ful — When

Pin - to was faith - ful and true. — **2** We were
 we were sure in for a storm. — (Last) **11.** When we
 sent out to gath - er the strays. —

He Rode the Strawberry Roan

WILF CARTER

1. We're all layin' 'round, spinnin' some yarns,
Up rides a stranger and stops at the barns,
His chaps were gold-spotted, on the leg at the right,
Was a name in gold spots, 'twas Harry H. Knight.
2. He looked like a kid that had just left his home,
And I says, "Say, young feller, how long have you roamed?"
He says he's no phony and loosened a cinch,
Took a seat in the shade on a rickety bench.
3. Then up comes the boss. "Whose broncho is that?"
"That kid's over there in a ten-gallon hat;"
The boss looks him over, "S'pose you wants a job?"
He said that he did, so he says, "See here, lad.
4. In the mornin' we're roundin' up a bunch o' mustangs,
I think I can use you if you're a good man."
Next morning we started on the old prairie trail,
To round up them horses back to the corral.
5. Fin'ly we sights 'em, starts chasin' 'em back,
But the kid he's done missin' in a ten-gallon hat;
So we sees him come on a horse white with foam,
An' ahead of him, snortin', come a Strawberry Roan.
6. "Say! Here's one you missed, he sure made me ride!"
We tells him no man livin' can stick to that hide,
"I'd just like to try him, doggone that ol' hide,
I've never seen a pony that I couldn't ride."
7. Well, right after chuck, took a good snort o' rum,
We sit on the corral bars to watch all the fun,
He uncoiled his rope like the hiss of a snake,
Ol' Strawberry ducked just a second too late.
8. Well, he gets his ol' saddle, screws her down tight,
Ol' Strawberry stands there a-shakin' with fright,
He woke with a snort when he felt the sharp spur,
Rake down his two shoulders an' back to his rear.
9. Across the corral he goes like a shot,
While the kid started fannin' that ol' ten-gallon hat,
The way that horse bucked no man can describe,
His tail's all that saved him from loosin' his hide.
10. We kept a-yellin' with all our might,
"Ride him, Cowboy! you're winnin' the fight!"
He lay down an' rolled, squealed like a rat,
But the kid kep' a-fannin' that ten-gallon hat.
11. He turned an' looked back, just seemed to say,
"It's all right, ol' feller, you've won out today.
You're the first guy that's ever been known
To stay on my back, I'm ol' Strawberry Roan."

CHORUS

Poor ol' Strawberry Roan, all the guys tried to board him got thrown,
But a kid came from Banff, an he took a big chance,
But he rode the ol' Strawberry Roan.

He Rode the Strawberry Roan

33

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words & Music by
WILF CARTER

Lively

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'We're all lay-in' round, spin-nin' some yarns, Up rides a stran-ger and stops at the barns, His chaps were gold spot-ted, on the leg at the right, Was a name in gold spots, it was Har-ry H. Knight.' The score includes guitar chord diagrams for D, A7, G, Em, and D. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.S.' (Da Capo).

We're all lay-in'

'round, spin-nin' some yarns, Up rides a stran-ger and stops at the

barns, His chaps were gold spot-ted, on the leg at the right, Was a

name in gold spots, it was Har-ry H. Knight.

CHORUS *After last verse*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. Chord diagrams are provided above the vocal line for each system: D major, G major, D major, G major, and D major. The lyrics are: "Poor old Straw - ber - ry Roan All the guys tried to board him got thrown But a kid came from Banff, An' he took a big chance, But he rode the ol' Straw - ber - ry Roan". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody.


 Poor old Straw - ber - ry Roan All the


 guys tried to board him got thrown But a


 kid came from Banff, An' he took a big chance, But he


 rode the ol' Straw - ber - ry Roan

Lover's Lullaby

With diagrams for Guitar acc.

By WILF CARTER

Vivace



1. My dad was born in Switz-er-land, Where the moun-tains raise so high, Up
 2. One day in ear-ly sum-mer, He— climbed to the high-est peak, And
 3. She told him her sad sad sto-ry, Of a lov-er who seemed so shy, Who
 4. And then he told his sto-ry, While she sat by his side, And



there he'd climb in the sum-mer time, And yo-del his lul-la-by.
 there he met the girl of his dreams, Who is now my moth-er so sweet.
 al-ways sang the song she loved, My lov-er's lul-la-by.
 then he sang the song she loved, My lov-er's lul-la-by.



Yodel after 1st three verses

O de ay-dle, ee-dle, o-dle, ee-dle ay, O dee ay-dle, ee-dle, o-dle, ee-dle

ay, O de, lay-ee, o, O de, lay ee, o, O dee

ay-dle, ee-dle, o-dle, ee-dle lay ee o, O dee ay-dle, ee-dle, o-dle, ee-dle,

lay ee o, O dee lay ee, o de lay ee o —————

D.C.

F
Yodel after last verse

O lay ee, de o, o-dee ay de lay ee o, De ay de lay ee

o, de ay de lay ee o. De o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee,

o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee, o-lee,

ay lee, dee o, dee lay ee o.

Take Me Back To Old Montana

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words & Music by
WILF CARTER

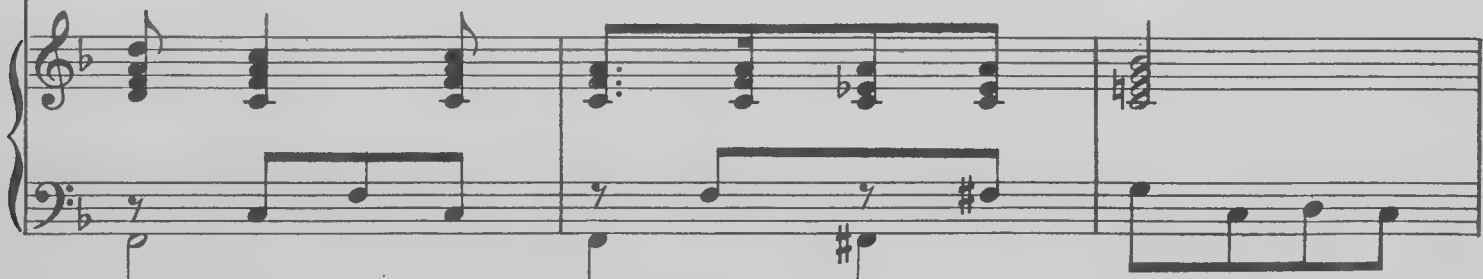
With spirit



- | | | | | |
|---------|-------|------|--------|---------|
| 1. I | love | the | dear | old |
| 2. We'd | sit | a | round | the |
| 3. Oh! | tas - | ty | strips | of |
| 4. We | load | the | old | chuck - |
| 5. Get | go - | in', | lit - | tle |



rang - es,	I	love	the	prai -	rie	trail.
camp - fire,	When the	stars	were	shin -	ing	bright.
ba - con,	A -	sizz -	lin'	in	a	pan.
wa - gon,	We	must	be	on	our	way.
do - gie,	The	day	is	get -	tin'	late.



Watch the cat - tle graz - ing and hear the ky - ote
Sing - in' songs an' tell - in' yarns 'til way on in the
Cof - fee just a - steam - in' in a big ten gal - lon
Ris - in' sun peeps o'er the hill, O what a per - fect
We're all tired and hun - gry, not since morn - in' have we

wail, night, can, day, ate, Swing - in' in the sad - dle just be -
Roll up in our blan - kets and
Break - fast is all read - y, good e -
Gaz - in' on the do - gies round, and
I smell ba - con fry - in' the

fore the break of morn, Take me back to old Mon -
sleep 'til break of morn, Take me back to old Mon -
nough for an - y man, Take me back to old Mon -
they're there all day long, Just a jol - ly bunch of
steak it shore looks grand, Take me back to old Mon -








CHORUS

ta - na, The place where I was born.
 ta - na, The place where I was born.
 ta - na, Good e - nough for an - y man. O
 cow - boys, Sing - in' while we ride - a - long.
 ta - na, Good e - nough for an - y man.


Yodel after each verse



lee - dle, dee - dle, ee - dle ay, Dee - dle lee - dle, ee - dle O de




ay, Dee - dle o dee ay, dee o dee



ay. O ay, dee o lee ay. *D.S. %*

My Swiss Moonlight Lullaby

41

(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words & Music by
WILF. CARTER

Moderato

mf

p

1. Rol - ling a - long in the moon - light, By a moun - tain
2. There _____ lives my sweet - heart, Wait - ing day by
3. Roll _____ a - long Oh sil - ver - y moon, Roll a - long on your

stream, _____ Oh! High up - on a moun - tain
day, _____ Watch - ing from the door - step Of her
way, _____ While I sing my yo - del - ing To my

Lies my gold - en dream. _____
moon - light Swiss cha - let. _____
moon - light Swiss cha - - let. _____

1-2. 3.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system of the piano part is marked 'mf' and the second 'p'. The vocal part is written on a single staff with lyrics. There are three verses of lyrics. The score includes guitar accompaniment diagrams for various chords: G, C, G, D7, G, C, G, D7, Bm, D7, G. The score also includes a repeat sign with first and second endings, and a third ending. The piano part ends with a double bar line.

G
YODEL

o D7

G

Yo lay lee lo lo lo lo lo - ee lee,

o D7

G

lo lo lo lo lo - lee aye Oh lo lo lo lo lo - ee lay - aye,

o D7

G

o D7


Yo lay lee lo lo lo lo lo - ee lee, .Yo - lee - o - lee -

G

C o o



aye - ee o O lay - lee ay-lee ay-lee ay-lee ay-lee

Wilf. Carter most famous yodel - If you can not yodel it. play it on your piano,
My Swiss etc.- 8






o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee ay - lee

o - lee o - lee o - lee ay - lee o - lee _____ O lay - lee

ay - lee ay - lee ay - lee ay - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee o - lee

aye - lee aye - lee aye - lee o - lee aye - lee. _____

D. C.

D. C.

The Capture of Albert Johnson

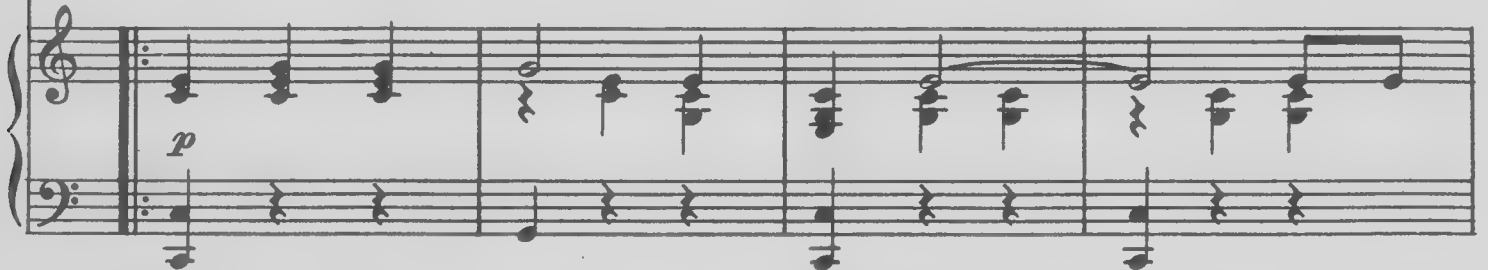
(With diagrams for Guitar acc.)

Words & Music by
WILF CARTER

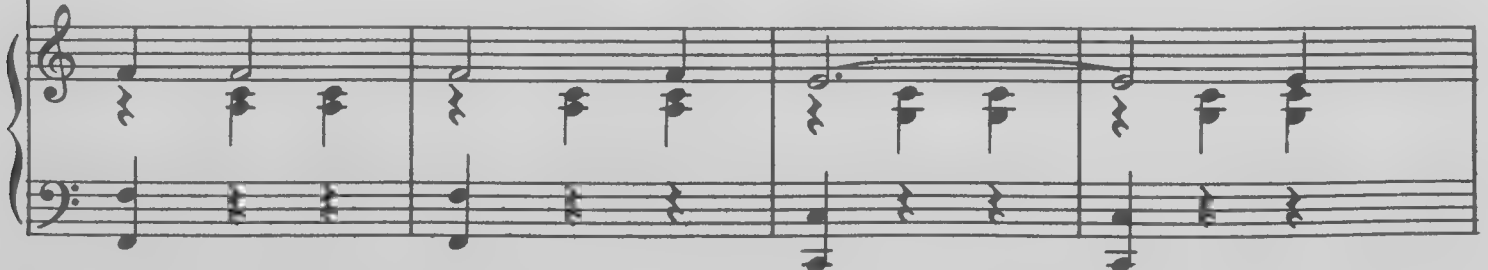
Moderato



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| 1. There in the far North Coun - try | Lived a |
| 2. journ - ied out to his cab - in | And no |
| 3. weeks — and weeks they trailed him | Through |
| 4. on — and on they trailed him | But this |
| 5. just in the ev - 'ning twi - light | When — |
| 6. rest of them heard the shoot - ing | And — |



- | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|------|-------|----------|
| 1. trap - per | thought | in - | sane, | Some |
| 2. harm was | meant | you | know, | But the |
| 3. snow and | bit - | ter | cold, | And the |
| 4. trap - per | knew | his | game, | He would |
| 5. he was | climb - ing | a | hill, | This |
| 6. quick - ly | joined in | the | lead, | And |



F **C** **o** **o**

1. of his red - skin neigh - bors _____ To the
 2. trap - per with his six - gun _____ He ____
 3. hard - ships he en - dured _____ We ____
 4. back track on his trail - ers, _____ This ____
 5. trap - per sight - ed his trail - ers, _____ And ____
 6. un - der a hail of bul - lets _____ His ____

G7 **o** **o** **C** **o** **o**

1. po - lice sent a com - plaint. _____ Two
 2. laid a Mount - ie low. _____ 'Twas
 3. folks will nev - er know. _____
 4. man they thought in - sane. _____ But the
 5. aimed a shot _____ to kill. _____ Down
 6. rid - dled bod - y dropped dead. _____ The

C **o** **o** **o**

1. red - coats of _____ the Mount - ies _____ Who are
 2. then the troub - le start - ed, _____ And ____
 3. Once they had him sur - round - ed _____ While ____
 4. chanc - es of his es - cape _____ For this
 5. deep in the snow _____ for shel - ter _____ While the
 6. great - est man - hunt is end - ed _____ In the



1. not - ed for their fame, _____ Went
 2. as this sto - ry goes forth, _____ It
 3. trail - ing him through the snow, _____ And
 4. trap - per were too slim, _____ They
 5. bul - lets were fly - ing low, _____ He
 6. his - t'ry of that North - ern land, _____ So we'll



1. north to find the trou - ble, _____ On this trap - per was
 2. was the great - est man hunt, _____ In the his - to - ry
 3. with a dead - ly shot, _____ He _____ laid an - oth - er
 4. trailed him day and night, _____ For this man - hunt
 5. aimed an - oth - er dead - ly shot, _____ And _____ laid an - oth - er
 6. give cred - it to the Mount - ies, _____ Who _____ al - ways



I-II-III-IV-V



last

1. put the blame. _____ 2. They
 2. of the North. _____ 3. For
 3. Mount - ie low. _____ 4. Still
 4. they must win. _____ 5. Then
 5. Mount - ie low. _____ 6. The
 6. get their man. _____

Twilight On The Prairie

(With diagrams for Guitar acco.)

By WILF CARTER

Moderato

System 1: Piano Introduction

System 2: Vocal Melody and Piano Accompaniment

Verse 1: 1. When it's twi - light on the prai - rie Where the pale blue vi - 'lets

Verse 2: 2. As I'm rid - ing in the twi - light On the rol - ling prai - rie

Verse 3: 3. I am think - ing as I lin - ger Where — once we used to

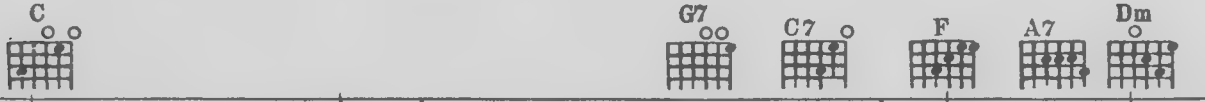
System 3: Continuation of Vocal Melody and Piano Accompaniment

Lyrics: hide, — I sit and long for you, dear, Just to
wide, — I'm sway - ing in my sad - dle; My gui -
stray, — Of songs we sang to - geth - er, Long be -

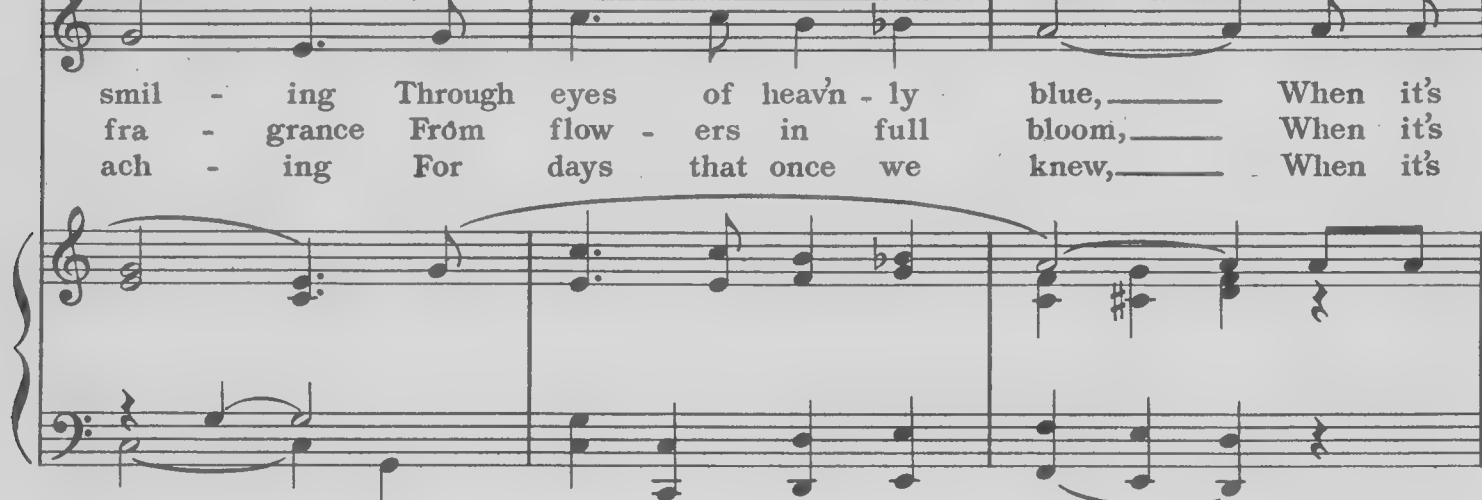


have you by my side. _____ In dreams I see you
 tar hangs by my side. _____ The air is filled with
 fore our part - ing day. _____ My lone - ly heart is





smil - ing Through eyes of heav'n - ly blue, _____ When it's
 fra - grance From flow - ers in full bloom, _____ When it's
 ach - ing For days that once we knew, _____ When it's





twi-light on the prai - rie I am think - ing, dear, of you. _____
 twi-light on the prai - rie On a gold - en night in June. _____
 twi-light on the prai - rie I am dream - ing, dear, of you. _____



CHORUS

Twilight on the prairie, Cattle cease to

p

roam. I'm swing - ing in my sad - dle Down the

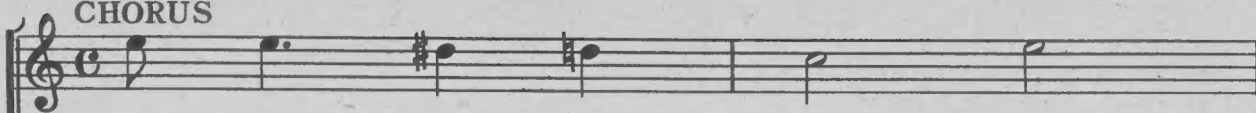
trail to home sweet home. home.

1. Cdim G7 Cdim G7 Cdim G7 2. Cdim G7 Cdim G7 Cdim G7

Male Quartette

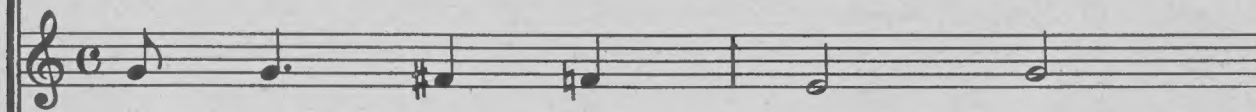
CHORUS

TENOR

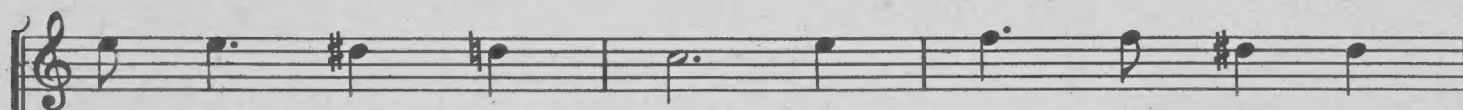
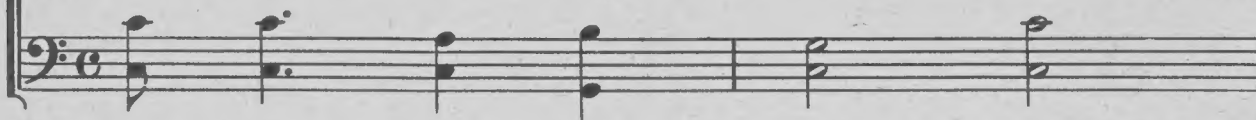


Twilight on the prairie,

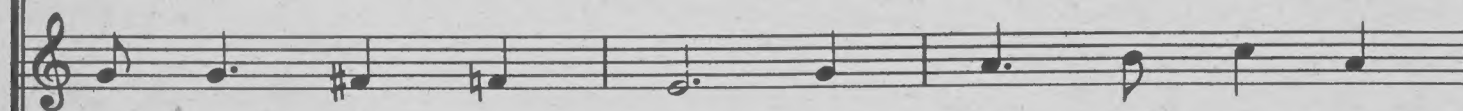
LEAD



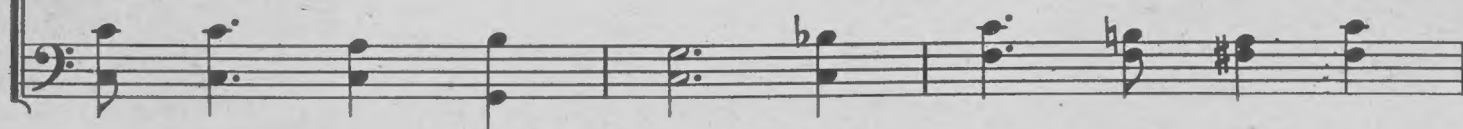
Twilight on the prairie,

BARITONE
BASS

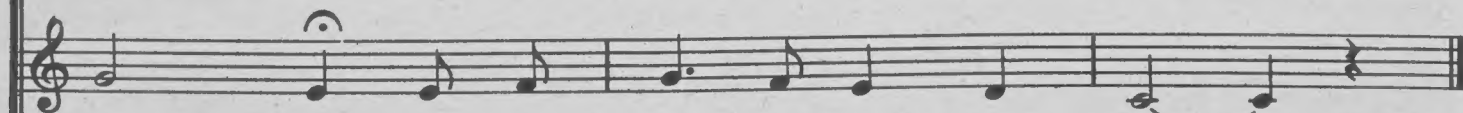
Cattle cease to roam. I'm swing - ing in my



Cattle cease to roam. I'm swing - ing in my

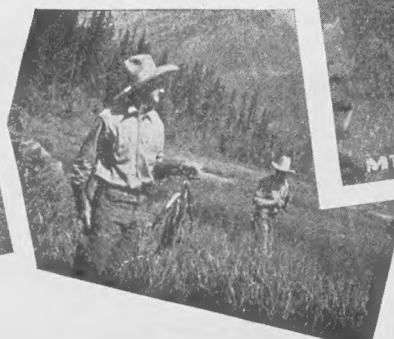
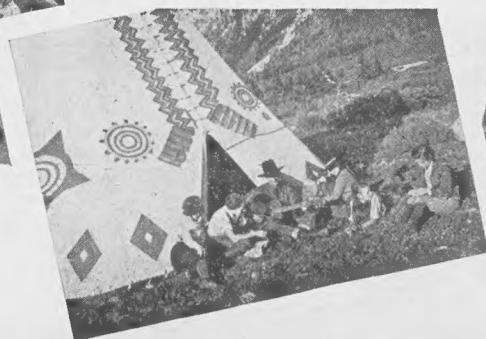
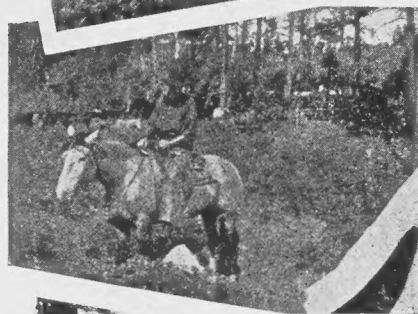


saddle Down the trail to home sweet home.—



saddle Down the trail to home sweet home.—





there I jumped into broadcastin' and the fan mail piled up.

Well, folks, I guess the Victor people were listenin' in same as you, for I was invited to go East and make records, and then the C. P. R. invited me to go on one of their big Christmas ships to the West Indies to yodel to the flyin' fish and the cruise passengers, and when I got on land again I did some more records. All the while I kept writin' more songs of my own—real snappy ones, so they tell me, so when I got back to Calgary and sang on the coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Radio Commission the fan mail must have worried the Postmaster General, and he must have said to Gordon Thompson, "For my sake, Gordon, can't you print some of that cowboy yodeller's songs and stop them from writin' for the words and music, otherwise we'll have to ask for an appropriation for a new Post Office as tall as a Rocky Mountain and these are hard times to get appropriations with Social Credit and all."

Talking of fan mail, I got one letter from a lady who wrote that she had named her baby Wilf Carter because he was born when the rest of the family was listenin' in to my broadcast—and he was a nine-pounder, too!

Now this Gordon Thompson seems a regular fellow, and as I said before, he has put some dough into the printin' of this book of songs, so here's luck to him!

Hopin' this finds you all in the best of health!

Sincerely,
WILF CARTER.



WILF CARTER

Below is pictured Wilf Carter, the Yodeling Cowboy of the Airways, special entertainer with the Canadian Pacific Trail Riders, who explore the Rockies from Banff each summer.

CANADA'S YODELING COWBOY



Enjoy Wilf Carter on
**Victor's
Blue Bird Records**

My Little Grey Haired Mother In The West.....	B 4976—A
A Little Log Shack I Can Always Call My Own....	B 4976—B
Lovers' Lullaby Yodel.....	B 4980—A
Moonlight Prison Blues.....	B 4980—B
The Hoboes' Blues.....	B 4968—A
A Cowboy's Best Friend Is His Pony.....	B 4968—B
He Rode The Strawberry Roan.....	B 4974—A
Take Me Back To Old Montana.....	B 4974—B

*The Capture Of Albert Johnson.....	B 4966—A
*My Swiss Moonlight Lullaby.....	B 4966—B
The Round-Up In The Fall.....	B 4972—A
*Dear Old Daddy of Mine.....	B 4972—B
*Twilight On The Prairie.....	B 4969—A
Little Silver Haired Sweetheart Of Mine.....	B 4969—B
Cowboy Blues.....	B 4979—A
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